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TO

MR. O'CONNELL,

*On the Affairs of the Catholics of
Ireland.*

Kensington, 5th Nov. 1824.

SIR,

I, AT this very moment, hear the boys in the street bawling out against *Guy Fawkes*, the *Pope*, and the *Devil*; and, I dare say, that this trio will, after being regularly tried and condemned, be brought to the *stake* this evening, and consumed by fire. You, I, and every person who is only tolerably well-informed as to this matter, know that the gunpowder-plot was hatched by crook-backed CECIL, whose father had, in the reign of the "VIRGIN Queen," deliberately hatched so many plots, and caused so many murders; we know, to a moral certainty, that the Catholics, as a body, were as wholly innocent of the powder-plot, as they were of the *fire in*

London, of which also the "tall bully, that lifts his head and *lies*," accuses them; we know, in short, that crook-backed CECIL employed his OLIVERS, his CASTLESES, his EDWARDSSES, and that, too, for the purpose of paving the way for cruel laws against the *Catholics*, just as the hired villains that I have here named, were employed to lead ignorant or desperate men to do acts which served as the ground for severe laws against the *Parliamentary Reformers*: all this you and I, and every person who is only tolerably well-informed as to this matter, know very well; but, Sir, the *great mass* of the people of England do not know it: they have been duped from father to son: let me, then, congratulate you on the fact, that many of them now begin to listen to reason on these subjects; and, let me congratulate you still more heartily on the much more important fact, that though the people of England were, with one accord, still to shut their ears against the voice of truth, justice and humanity, *events*

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[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

are not far distant which would render their obstinacy unavailing.

So much by way of introduction to a Letter, the matter of which presents itself to me under two very distinct heads: that, which it will give me great *delight* to dwell on; and that which, though a sense of duty calls for it from me, it will give me great *pain* to communicate to you.

I have read with singular pleasure (and with the greater pleasure because in the *London Morning Chronicle*) an account of the *Catholic Meeting at Waterford*, at which the "Catholic Bishop of the *Diocese*" presided. The part, which the *Chronicle* has given us, relates to the *means* by which we Protestants became possessed of the contents of the *New Testament*; and a truly curious matter this is, the plain fact being, that this Testament has been handed down to us by the *Catholic Church*, through its head, the *Pope*; and that this is the *only authority* upon which we can possibly pretend that this Testament is *the word of God*; and, at the same time, we call this Pope "*Anti-Christ, the Man of Sin, and the Scarlet Whore of Babylon*," and insist that the doctrines and worship of the Catholic Church are "*idolatrous and damnable*." So that, here we are, poor, wretched devils of sinners, with *no other word of God*, than that which we have taken upon trust from the hands of the scarlet whore, who was, and still is, the head and organ of an "*idolatrous and damnable*" Church! Parry that thrust, JOSHUA WATSON, Wine and Spirit Merchant; but take a bumper of your *best* before you attempt it.

A neighbour of mine, at Botley,

who, from a Presbyterian had "turned to the ways of Saint WESLEY," whose Life has picked up for turn-coat SOUTHEY some of the odd pennies of the Methodists; this neighbour, though a very honest man, was so zealous in the propagation of "*gospel truth*," that he must needs, one day, recommend to me to go to "Chapel," where, he said, I should hear the *real gospel* preached. He loved disputation, and he had all the familiar cant sayings of cunning Jack Wesley at his fingers' ends. The "*real gospel*," said I, "what is that?" "Why," said he, "the "*real word of God*, as contained "*in the sacred book*." "Indeed!" said I, "I should like to see this "*real gospel*; do you happen to "*have a copy of the book in the house*?" After some further talk, in which I pretended not to know what book he meant, he went and brought me a copy of the *New Testament*. "Oh! is *that* what you mean," said I; "I "*have read that book through half "*a dozen times." After a little pause, I asked him what he thought of the good, old-fashioned *Catholic religion*. "GOOD, do you call it," exclaimed he: "why, "*it is the religion taught by Satan "*for the ruin of precious souls. I "*hope, Sir*," added he, "you "*are not a Roman Catholic*!" "No," said I; "but, really, I "*cannot see much harm in it*: "*there is my bailiff, DEAN, who "*is a Roman Catholic, and he is "*a very honest fellow*."

Somewhat warmed by my coolness, he opened the Revelation of St. John, and went on to prove to me, that the *man of sin*, the *scarlet whore*, the *beast*, and the *heads and horns*, meant the *Pope* and

the *Catholic Church*. He said, that, "to the *eye of faith*," this was all as plain as the nose upon his face. He concluded with the standing Methodist argument:—"Here it is; God has said it, and *God cannot lie*." "No, no," said I, "God cannot *lie*; but how do you know that God *has said* this?" "Why, Sir," said he, "here it is, you see, in God's word." "I see it in *that book*," said I, "but *how do you know*, and what *authority* have you for saying, that *that book contains* the word of God?" He was puzzled, and, as is often the case under similar circumstances, called up a smile of affected pity for my ignorance. "Come, come," said I, "that will not *do*. You must tell me what authority you have for calling that book the *word of God*. I see here some paper, and some ink-marks, and a bit of sheep's-skin, but nothing do I see to prove to me that this is the word of God. Where did you *get the book*?" He said he bought it of Mr. SKELTON, at Southampton. "Well, then," said I, "it is, as far as you know, Mr. SKELTON's word. Did he tell you, and give you *proof*, that it was the word of God?"

He was, as you will easily believe, sadly staggered. A few "leading questions," however, brought him to say, that the book had been handed down to us, by the Apostles first, and afterwards by the faithful in Jesus Christ. "And this is what you rest your *hopes of salvation on*?" said I.—"Yes," said he. I then explained to him *how* we came in possession of the written gospel. I told him about the gospels that had been rejected; I told him of the *autho-*

rity with which these came to us; I took pains to leave no doubt in his mind: and, then I concluded by saying, "So, you rest your *hopes of salvation* wholly upon promises contained in a book handed down to you by the *beast, the man of sin, the scarlet whore, and anti-Christ!* I wish your poor soul great luck, with all my heart:" and with this I left him to muse on the success of his efforts to convert me.

The Morning Chronicle, in its remarks on the Waterford Catholic Meeting, says, that "*much of the arguments used by the priests at this meeting admit of an easy answer.*" I should like to hear this easy answer. No Christian can answer at all; and, as to the Unitarians and Deists, (if they be not one and the same) where do they find any authority for believing in the *immortality of the soul*, if they do not resort to that very gospel which we possess through the means and on the authority of the Catholic Church, and through no other means and on no other authority whatsoever?

However, though I am pleased at this triumph in argument, on the part of the Catholics, seeing that they never can be expected to have zealous friends amongst those who believe their religion to be "*idolatrous and damnable*;" though I am pleased at this triumph in argument, I am much more pleased at the *posture*, if I may so call it, of the parties who had met upon this occasion. Here is the "Right Reverend Bishop of the Diocese" in the chair. The speakers call him, "*My Lord*." This is all right; it is all true: he is a *real* Bishop; he has a *priest-*

hood under him who do not fight battles of SKIBBERKEN; and that priesthood has *flocks*! But, though it is all *right* and *just*, how long is it since it would have consigned the parties to a *dungeon*, if not to the *gibbet*?

When Mr. HUME made his statement, in the House of all houses, relative to the Irish Protestant Church, there were two or three Irish Members to say, that the cause of the misery and degradation of the Irish people LAY DEEPER. In both Houses I have heard the same said five hundred times. But I never heard one of those *deep seekers* attempt to point out *where the mischief began and how it went on*! The fact is, that the people of Ireland have been brought to their present state by a long succession of acts of PLUNDER. That is the *word*, and the only proper word to be applied to the case. And to pronounce this word might not be so very convenient to those who endeavour to whitewash the present rulers by mere loose allusions to what was done in *former ages*. Not long ago, indeed, a great deal of it: quite lately enough to be accurately described. But, these *deep seekers* never will tell us any thing about this PLUNDER. I will endeavour to tell *them* something about it, one of these days.

I remember Mr. CURRAN telling me, that I should have a *Dictionary on purpose*, when I wrote about Ireland; for, that I deceived my readers, when I, in speaking of Ireland, mentioned *labourer, farmer, landowner, people, nobility, gentlemen, and clergy*. "Why," said he, "you do not know, that the worthless cur

"which an *English* gentleman orders to be hanged, or drowned, is looked upon with more compassion, and is, while alive, treated with greater tenderness and regard, than the Catholic labouring man in Ireland is looked upon and treated with by the Orange brute who calls himself a *gentleman* in Ireland."

It was talking with Mr. CURRAN, about twelve years ago; it was the hearing of his eloquent descriptions of the wrongs and the miseries of the Irish people, that first made me take a deep interest in their cause. Observation has been constantly adding to this interest. When, some time ago, I read about the "*lurking fellow*" and the *verdict of the coroner's inquest*, I thought of Mr. CURRAN. A "*gentleman*" was sitting drinking with his associates after dinner. He happened to go out into his garden during the evening and in the dark. He heard something move in the shrubbery, and saw, or thought he saw, a *man*. He instantly called out to his servant to bring his GUN! The servant brought the gun, and then, spaniel-like, rushed into cover to turn out the game. But, as luck would have it, the "*gentleman*," seeing the servant in the shrubbery, took him for the *game*, and, being keen on the sport, sent the contents of the gun at the servant, and KILLED HIM ON THE SPOT. A jury, assembled on their *oaths*, returned a verdict, "shot in *mistake* for the LURKING FELLOW!"

What need we of any thing more than this to make good Mr. CURRAN's statement to me? Here was *murder*, wilful and *premeditated murder*; for, observe, &

murder was intended to be committed. Yet all, or nearly all the Irish papers, gave this "*gentleman*" the highest of characters for *gentleness* and *humanity*! It was not till the news reached the London Morning Chronicle, that a writer was found to reprobate the bloody deed. Would any *gentleman* in England have thought of *killing* a man for being in his shrubbery? Without any proof of any guilty intention, observe; being, perhaps, only "*lurking*" after one of the maids. Would any *gentleman*, or any man, in England, have thought of such a thing as this? And, if such a monster were found in England, are there twelve men to be found in the whole country, who would not, even upon his own showing, have convicted him of *wilful murder*?

What, then, has caused this *difference of character and manners*? The *deep seekers* might tell us, if they would. "*Cat after kind*," says the country proverb; and, if these seekers after causes that lie *deep* would but tell us *what SORT of Englishmen* these were who first got the estates in Ireland, and what were the *means* they made use of to get them, we should cease to wonder at Mr CURRAN's account, and at the *killing* of the "*lurking fellow*," or, rather, of the poor spaniel servant, "*in mistake for the lurking fellow*." Mr. CURRAN was right to the very letter. An English gentleman would not have *shot a dog* that he saw lurking in his shrubbery. He would not, unless a remarkably ill-natured man, have, for such a cause, shot the cur of his poorest neighbour. "*Cat after kind*," be you well assured, Sir. And, if

the seekers after causes that lie *deep* would but give us a *full and true description* of the *characters* and *means* of the *confiscators* and *plunderers*, the whole mystery would, at once, be explained. From the first day of the English "*Reformation*" reaching Ireland, the *plunder* began; and it never ceased while there was any thing left whereon to commit an act of *plunder*. *Robbers*, when it is necessary to secure their prize, or to provide a chance of *impunity* for themselves, commit *murder*; and hence the *blood* of the Catholics of Ireland has flowed in consequence of the plunder committed on their Church and their estates.

No people on earth were ever so cruelly treated as the Irish have been by successive factions in England. The TURKS have conquered *Christians*, whose religion they hold in abhorrence, and whom they look upon as *dogs*. But never, in any one instance, have the TURKS treated the conquered CHRISTIANS with a tenth part of the cruelty that has been exercised towards the Irish by the English. But, Sir, when I say the *English*, it is right for me to add, that the main body of the English people have *never known any thing of the matter*. Strange as this assertion may seem, it is, nevertheless, perfectly true. Those whose business it was to *plunder* Ireland, and to keep the plunder when they had got it, have had, from the time that the plunder began, to almost the present day, the *exclusive command of the press*. They have made the people of England believe *just what they pleased*. Their interest, nay, their very lives, or, at the least, the *quiet possession of their plunder*,

made it absolutely necessary, that the people of England should look upon the native Irish as a *wild, unprincipled, and bloody* race of people; as a sort of *savages*, or *white negroes*, whom it was necessary to keep constantly under the scourge, and who were wholly unfit to be entrusted with the possession of either money or lands. All manner of writings, from *folios* down to single-sheet *tracts*, have been constantly publishing for this nefarious purpose. BISHOP BERKELEY, while he was fattening, while he was rolling in luxury, on the spoils of the Irish Church, and on the sweat of the Irish people, thought it quite consistent with his spiritual office to abuse, to becal, to represent as incapable of industry or of any good, the people on whom he lived. He had the unprincipled impudence to impute their degradation to their *very nature*; when he well knew, that the Irish nation was *Christian and learned*, long *before* the English ceased to be *heathens*, and to sacrifice human beings to their gods. It never occurred to this Protestant saint to tell his readers this, nor to lead them to ask how all the *churches, cathedrals, and abbeys* came to be erected by the "*wild Irish*," before they had the misfortune to know any thing of the English; and, above all things, it never occurred to this honest Bishop to tell his English readers, that Ireland had been *plundered* over and over again; that the estates had been taken from their native owners, and given to some of the most worthless, hardened and cruel villains, that ever walked under the sun; and that, even after all this, it was, in order to keep down the

buoyant spirit of the Irish people, necessary to make them live under a code of penal laws, which have now, indeed, been repealed, but which one would have thought ferocity itself could not have invented, and which were not repealed, pray observe, until the Protestant Government, *for its own protection against a foreign foe*, found it necessary to *put arms* into the Catholics' hands! Pray, mark *that fact*; and engrave it, if you can, on the heart of every Catholic in Ireland; and, if any body can do this, you can do it.

The *people* of England have, therefore, never known any thing of the real state of the facts with regard to Ireland. The *plunderers* have kept them in a constant state of darkness on this subject; and, in the meanwhile, every thing that could be done, has been done to make the *people* of England and Ireland *dislike each other*. Those whose interest it has always been to do this, and who live on your side of the water, have constantly called themselves and their faction, "*the English*;" and on this side of the water, the *people* of Ireland have been constantly represented as "*hating the English*," and as being *enemies of England*! The amiable CASTLEREAGH, who cut his own throat at last, did, indeed, in conjunction with his not less amiable colleagues, make two remarkable efforts to *reconcile and unite* the two nations. They sent *English militia-men* to assist in keeping the Irish people *quiet*, and they brought *Irish militia-men* to assist in keeping the English people *quiet*! These militia-men were, of course, if called on by the magistrate so to do, to *shoot some-*

body; and this *reconciling* and *friendly* measure would, of course, make, in such case, *the English to be shot by the Irish*, and *the Irish to be shot by the English*, which would naturally make the two nations love each other to distraction! The other effort made by the cutter of his own throat was this: When the horrid bills were passing for imprisoning the English reformers, in 1817, this very CASTLEREAGH, who cut his own throat at North Cray in Kent; when these horrid bills were passing, which lay every man's person at the absolute mercy of Castlereagh and Sidmouth, the former frequently *congratulated* the HOUSE (oh! that House!), that it was *not at all necessary to extend the bills to IRELAND*, where the people *despised the reformers!* Oh! how I rejoiced when I heard that this fellow had cut his throat! And how I loved my countrymen, who groaned, hissed, and cheered in derision when his carcass was descending to the hole in which it was finally put after the curious decision of the Coroner's Inquest in Kent! May such, or even more horrible, be the end of all those, be they who they may, who would make the Irish and English hate each other, that each in their turn may *be plundered with impunity!*

However, Sir, the days of deception, as to this matter, are swiftly passing away. The *good sense* and *justice* of the people of England are fast getting on your side; and these, be you well assured, are worth more to you than ten millions of such "*able friends*" as the British Catholic Association say you have *in parliament*.

But, besides this, *external circumstances* have declared for you. The world, (or, at least, all that part which can affect us) is assuming an *attitude*; nay, it has assumed an attitude, which says to your oppressors, "*You shall oppress the Catholics of Ireland no longer;*" and which says this, too, in a voice of thunder! This it is, Sir, more than any thing else, that makes the Orange ruffian begin to soften his tone. The DEBT, the all-delivering Debt, has emptied the ruffian's pocket. The respite obtained by *a part repeal of Peel's Bill*, and by the consequent pouring forth of bales of paper-money; this respite is but a short one. The end will be like that of FAUNT-LEROY; and this the ruffian Orangeman, and true descendant of the first plunderer, *feels*, and feels it at the bottom of his heart: he feels that he shall not much longer be able to *shoot a lurking fellow* with impunity. It is this DEBT that will do every thing. Every one feels that wheat at 35s. a quarter at Calais, and at 78s. at Dover, cannot *last long*. To 40s. *our wheat* must come again; or, we must come to another Bank "*Restriction*." No matter which: either will *do*. It is this Debt which has given the world that *attitude*, which is so auspicious for the Irish people; and thus, at last, the *Dutch king*, who made the Debt, will be, as the Orange ruffian calls him, the "*Deliverer*"!

All this, though not apparent to his *reason*, is *felt* by the Orange ruffian, the true descendant of the plunderer. He sees that the *vigour* is gone. He hears the Ministers praised, and not unjustly,

for "*liberality and mildness*;" and this *scares* the ruffian half out of his wits; for he knows well, that, if even one particle of justice, or mercy, exist in the breasts of the Ministers, his shooting of "*lurking fellows*" is at an end; that he is *amenable to the laws*; that he can no longer play the *merciless tyrant*; that he will no longer have a *slave at his foot*. Beset by these fearful thoughts, and with pockets as empty as his brazen skull, the ruffian has taken a "*religious turn*"! He has become *fanatic*, and hopes, by his operations of this sort, to *convert* his slaves, and to induce them to obey him from a fear of the devil. He resorts to the aid of the Methodist crew, whom he formerly despised; but, as they preach *absolute submission*; as they (to curry favour with power) distinctly state, that, "let a government be *what it may*, and let it *do what it will*," "no man ought to think of *resisting* it;" as this crew of Protestant saints preach up to the labourers the *blessings of poverty*; as they tell us of the godly and happy tailor, in Scotland, who was well contented to live upon *fourteen pence a week*, and of "*blind Ellen*," in Lancashire, who was grateful to God upon *nine-pence a week*, and who "never went to the *parish*, like "*the idle and profligate and extravagant poor* around her;" as the Methodist crew preach up this sort of doctrine, the Orange ruffian, who would have spitten upon the crew ten or twelve years ago, now embraces them, crams his bullet head and his long ears into the same group with theirs, where he snuffles and groans, and bawls out "*hymns*" as well as the best of them.

It is a fine sign to see the ruffian brought to this. If he be come to this point, you are sure to beat him. Only put a stop to his "*shooting lurking fellows*," and the ruffian is done for; and, in spite of every thing that can be done to save him, his reign of cruelty and blood is nearly at an end, and he *feels* it. He remembers the old proverb—"What is got over the devil's back *shall go under his belly*;" and when the ruffian thinks of this, his knees knock together, and his teeth chatter in his head.

Before I conclude this part of my letter, let me congratulate you on the enterprise, now on foot in Dublin, for the carrying of goods and passengers from *Dublin to London by steam-boats*! Of course, people going from *Dublin to Paris* will go in such boats to *Havre de Grace*, which they will reach in (it is calculated) 50 hours, and at the expense of *two or three pounds*, instead of travelling about *four hundred miles* by land before they can, in any other way, get so near to Paris as they will be at *Havre de Grace*; and at an expense of about *twenty pounds*. Of course, also, steam-boats will go from *Havre de Grace* to Dublin; and it will thus be made quite clear, even to our pretty gentlemen, that such boats can convey passengers to *any port*, or bay, or cove, in poor old Ireland, where "*lurking fellows*" are shot with impunity! I know what will be said of these remarks, because I know what *has been* said of my mention of the steam-boat affair, in my Letters to the King. The parson-justice newspapers, all over the country, have accused me of *pointing out* to the French how they may injure *the country*.—

N. B. When these fellows talk of *country*, they mean *themselves* and all those who *eat tithes and taxes*. But it is curious enough, that, so long ago as *last February*, a Mr. MACLEAN (a Scotchman) published a pamphlet, at Ridgway's in Piccadilly, contending, in the most unqualified terms, that the moment the French resolved on using steam-boats against us, all our naval skill, and *all our ships and dockyards would be of no use in our defence!* Thus you see, Sir, the old saying verified: "One man may steal a horse out of a field, when another man dare not look over the hedge."

Well; but this gentleman did not give all up in *despair*? He did not recommend us to prostrate ourselves at the feet of France? And, did I? No: but, I said, that our *only* defence would be in the *hearts of the main body of the people*: and this is precisely what Mr. MACLEAN says! He is, therefore, for *getting rid of the Debt*, and of a *large part of the other taxes*; he is for making the common people *well off*; he is for *removing the grounds of their discontent*. His *means* differ, in some sort, from mine, but his *end* is the same: and he distinctly says, that we have no defence except in the arms of a well-ed and happy people, who feel that they have *something to fight for*.

I beseech you, and also the Government, to observe, that the next war will not begin by a *loyal* surrender of a large fleet of France to us. I beseech you also to observe, that the next war will not be for "our *holy religion* and *social order*." GEORGE ROSE, if raised again from the dead (God forbid! say you, and I say, *Amen*);

even old tax-eating George, whose son is so zealous a member of the Bible-squadron; even old brazen-faced George would not again have the face to tell us, that, though we were called upon for such a large part of our earnings in taxes, we should recollect, that it was necessary to preserve to ourselves and our children, "the BLESSED COMFORTS OF RELIGION." Pray, Sir, observe this: we shall not have to make war against "*rebels, regicides, republicans, levellers, and atheists*."

Happy change! The vile hypocrites have now been left aground. They have nothing left to deceive us with. Our enemy will be a Government as "*regular*" as regular can be; and, I dare say, that its proceedings will be as *regular* as heart can wish.

Let me, once more, congratulate you. Let me beseech you to look back to the dismal days, when the "*Deliverer*" sent the last band of confiscators and plunderers amongst you. Let me beseech you to reflect how comparatively short is the time, since a Catholic Meeting, like that at Waterford, would have crammed the dungeons and strewed the country with heads and limbs. But, here ends, for the present, the, to me, *pleasing* part of my letter.

Since I wrote the last paragraph I have changed my mind; a thing which we are very apt to do, in cases where such change procures us a postponement of doing that which it is *painful* for us to do. This painful duty I must however, and I will perform; and I think I shall do it in my next Register. Let it, however, pass for the present, and let me

conclude this letter with a remark or two on the proceedings of the "*London Auxiliary Bible Society*," a meeting of which took place yesterday at the *Mansion-House*, the Lord Mayor in the Chair.

I shall insert the whole of the article at the bottom of this letter, in order that my readers may see good ground for the laugh that they will have; and I shall number the paragraphs of the article, that I may refer to each, if necessary, with the less trouble. When a short figure saves a long phrase, it is desirable to use the former, especially when one is writing about animals like these. I will take the paragraphs in the order in which I find them, passing over the two first, as I shall have to notice them when I come to the last paragraph.

3. *Paragraph.* So, you see, people begin to see a little into this humbug: the receipts fall off. It is curious to hear the manner in which the canters console themselves for this falling off, and the Secretary's *arithmetic* is not less curious. "*If*," says he, "we could get a guinea each from one-fifteenth of a hundred thousand people, we should get 6,000*l.* a year, instead of 700*l.*" There is a clever fellow for you! His *arithmetic* seems, at the very least, to equal his piety. *Money*; you always find, that it is *money*, that these grunting crews are grubbing about after. They grunt a great deal about "*all-sufficient grace*;" but it is, after all, the money they are after.

4. *Paragraph.*—Oh! Here we have old VAN upon the stage again! I was in hopes that we

should never hear of him any more at any rate, unless, indeed, in explanation of his two famous resolutions of 1811 and 1819, *flatly contradicting each other*, as to the real value of the one-pound note. VAN said, that as the Lord Mayor was, in this case, the *representative of the City Magistrates*, so he (VAN) "presented himself as the representative of His Majesty's Government." Indeed, VAN! What then, Mr. CANNING, Mr. HUSKISSON, Mr. ROBINSON, the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, Lord WESTMORELAND, the Lord CHANCELLOR, and, indeed, the whole of the Ministers, sent you to represent them at this London Bible-shop! If this were really the case, I should begin to think, that these twelve or thirteen poor souls were in a way that it is unnecessary to describe. To be sure, they are so troubled with their "*prosperity*;" they are so overfull of it, that it may possibly fly to their heads, "have a *determination*" to their noddles. But they must be far gone indeed; the "*determination*" must be uncommonly resolute, before they could send VAN to represent them before LORD WAITHMAN. VAN says, that they have converted the frisky lasses of the South Seas. It is only a few days ago that we read of one of our Blue and Buff Captains and four of his men having been knocked on the head by the natives of one of these "*friendly islands*." So that, they appear to be true "*Protestant Reformers*." Pray, Mr. O'CONNELL, did you ever SEE Van? If you did not, lose no time, for God's sake. You will, take my word for it, "never look upon

his like again." But, did you ever *hear* him, then? Make haste, I implore you; for his match is not on this side of the grave.

5. *Paragraph* brings forth one of the new Sheriffs, of the name of BROWN, who *sympathized* with the meeting on the *falling off of the subscriptions*, and who consoled them in a way quite worthy of a London Sheriff, the office of whom was never so *properly* filled, as when filled by PARKINS; I mean poor Byrne's *Treasurer*. This man, BROWN, seemed disposed to *argue* the point with the *Catholics*. He contented himself, however, with saying, that to object to the circulating of the Bible, without note or comment, was "*to set themselves up against their Maker*." Against the POPE, you mean, Mr. BROWN. You get that book upon trust *from the Pope*, Mr. BROWN. Neither God, nor Christ, nor the Apostles handed the book down to you: it was handed down to you by the *Pope*. Mark that, Master BROWN, and keep it in your head, when you are about to prattle on such a subject again.—This wise man said, that the Bible might be expected to "*reduce the city police to a sinecure*"! He did not, however, give us any facts to show how it happened, that twenty years of Bible-work heard the crimes of the city increase *four-fold*! But, how was the Bible-work to produce this effect? Why, the answer of Master Brown is ready: "*By covering the whole earth with good works, as the waters cover the sea*"! So you see, Mr. O'Connell, that this Sheriff of London thinks that the *sea* is *under the waters*. This Sheriff does not know, that the water is the sea.

This is a pretty fellow to talk about doctrines and discipline of religion: a pretty fellow verily, to undertake to be a *teacher* of the world. But, I must confess, a very fit man to second a motion of little VAN.

6. *Paragraph*.—I would pass over it if I could, for Mr. FAVELL visited me once in prison. But good God, how age must have altered this man! The "*preventive service*,"—"the *converted pick-pocket*"! Oh, Lord! But now I think of it, my old friend JOCELYN RODEN was converted at a Bible-meeting! Would to God that all *pickpockets*, whether on a *large scale* or a small, would attend Bible-meetings, if this be the case. But, to proceed with poor Mr. FAVELL, where did he learn, that the Bible was a *sealed book* at the time of the *great fire in London*? The "*tall bully in Gracechurch-street, that lifts his head and lies*" against the Catholics, will tell him, that that fire took place in the reign of Charles the Second, about *eighty years* after the Bible had been in the hands of all who had a mind to have it. And where did Mr. FAVELL learn, that there were in England *any* religious "*persecution*" before the Bible was so circulated? He does not *lie*, however, for he is totally ignorant of the matter: he repeats what he has often heard said, just as the magpie, which is hanging up in a cage under my gateway, calls, "*Cook! cook!*" Aye, and as distinctly too as Mr. FAVELL can talk about the *great fire and persecution*.—But, after all, it is poor Mr. FAVELL's *motion* that moves one's pity most. To what a state must a man be come, when he could actually move a RESOLU-

TION, that the members of the Society should be called upon to put up **CEASELESS PRAYER** for success! If I had been present, I would have made an amendment in these words: "That this Society pray heartily to God to contract the throats and bowels of the several Companies of this Corporation; so that they may not, at their numberless gormandizing and guzzling Protestant dinners, devour so large a portion of that which was left by our humane, abstemious, and pious Catholic ancestors, for the relief and comfort of the widow and the fatherless."—And, thus, farewell to Mr. FAVELL.

7. Paragraph.—Next comes the seconder of this motion, and he most indiscreetly confesses, that there is a "*frightful amount of crime*," and that "*crime is on the increase*." The devil it is! And, then he calls for *more Bibles* to banish the crime; though Bibles and crime have gone on *increasing together*! But this Protestant Reverend has an unusual cause to account for the increase of crime. And what is that? Why, **PEACE**! Peace is the cause of crime! So that "*peace on earth*" is a most unfortunate thing! "Peace," says the "holy" Protestant, "brings *idleness*, and *idleness* *profligacy*; and, *it cannot be denied*, that the *idleness* and *profligacy*, *caused by peace*, are the *great incentives to crime*." There, take that, you that are buried in "monkish ignorance:" take that, and cease to sing, "Praise to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good-will toward men." Here is a pretty "Reverend," met with others to circulate "the gospel of peace!" With

sweet consistency this fellow says, that he is the "*last man in the world* to seek to draw the sword of war from its scabbard, where he would rather see it *rest for ever*." What, then, you want everlasting "*idleness, profligacy, and crime*," do you? You are a pretty teacher of the people. What this man said about new churches *springing up* daily, might have been answered by the fact, that, in the country parts of England, they are daily *falling down*; and that, in Ireland, there are hundreds and hundreds of rich benefices *without any churches at all*. There are about two hundred parishes, even in England, where the churches have fallen down, and never been re-erected; but where the parson takes care still to have his tithes.

8. Paragraph.—Pray look at the speech of this Alderman VENABLES, who has, you see, a mind to lanch forth against the Catholic priests of Ireland.

9. Paragraph.—The Reverend ORME comes back to the ready again. A Protestant Reverend seldom, for long together, loses sight of *chink*. This reverend person says, "that subscribing is not a matter of *choice*, but of *duty*; and that, not to do this *duty* is to *disobey the word of God*!" This is just the way WHITFIELD and old JACK WESLEY used to go on, and it is just the way in which their followers now go on. I heard, some years ago, of a WESLEYITE, one of the "*Connection*," who, after very long "*prayer*" and longer "*preach*," to a parcel of people at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, called upon them for a "*contribution towards God's work*;" and, fixing upon a man that he knew to be pretty rich,

he called on him to give something, adding, "You'll be damned if you don't," to which the other replied, "And I'll be damned if I do."—This *reverend* ORME does not, indeed, *name* money; he calls it "*putting forth the hand*"; but, he means, I suppose, that there should be *something in the hand*! Aye, that he does; "why else breathes he in a Protestant land?"

10. *Paragraph.*—What Alderman VENABLES only nibbled at, the *reverend* EVANSON seized on with unrelenting jaws. If you want *brass*, real brass, it is to the protestant *reverends* that you must come for it. This fellow said, that a "conspiracy was carrying on for the *relief* of Ireland: a conspiracy was carrying on here against the *arch-enemy* in that country; against "the *prince of darkness*." So that you are to gather from this, that this fellow looks on the Catholic faith as taught by the *devil*! It is pity that the impudent fellow can produce no *word of God*, that he did not, if this his charge be just, *get from the devil*!

11 and 12 *Paragraphs.*—The stories related in these are, I dare say, most falsehoods. Only think of a man in *France*, never having heard of such a book as the Bible! But, now, let me remind you of a couple of anecdotes, related last Spring, at a *Missionary Society*-meeting, by a *Reverend* LEIFCHILD, of this village of Kensington. The first was, that *he*, in going to a coal-mine, asked the man at the mouth of it, if they "*knew any thing of Jesus Christ in these parts*." Whereupon the man, stooping down, called out to a comrade below: "*John! is there one Jesus Christ at work here?*"

John answered, "*Is he a bank-man or a pit-man?*" This was the first anecdote of the *reverend* Protestant LEIFCHILD; and I can bring fifty witnesses to prove, that this anecdote was ascribed to old JACK, and that it was threadbare *thirty years ago*. The other anecdote of the *Reverend* LEIFCHILD was, that *he*, being with a "*lady*," near London, not long ago, asked her whether "*she knew Jesus Christ?*" To which she answered, that "*she could not say that she was personally acquainted with him, but that she had heard that he was a very nice man*"! These anecdotes are, however, you may be well assured, just as true as those of *Reverend* TOWNLEY and *Reverend* SCHOLL. To express *indignation* against such people, is beneath one. But *where* is all this to *end*? It cannot keep raging throughout the land without producing, at last, some sort of convulsion. The Church of England trembles at the sight of these raving crews; but she, at the same time, is compelled to hug them to her bosom!

13. and 14.—The *Reverend* STYLES pronounced an eulogium on *enthusiasm*, and the *Reverend* MORTIMER (it being the 4th of November) would not give "*the immortal memory* of King William;" but, the "*immortal memory*" of Jesus Christ! Thus they go on, by their *familiar* slang, to vulgarize and debase, as far as they are able, the whole of the Christian religion. If it were not for the Catholics, we should, really, soon have no landmark left.

15. *Paragraph.*—So, here we have another *convert* in the person of SIR CLAUDIUS HUNTER, some-

time (if not now) dealer and chapman in the City of London! Our JOCELYN RODEN, you see, was by no means the only convert made at these societies. What a pity it was that JOHN MOVELLY, of the Guards, never happened to drop in at one of these meetings! Every sinner ought, at this rate, to go to them.

16 and 17. *Paragraphs.*—The Reverend HATCHARD (about whom one might have a good laugh) had the prudence to say little; and Alderman KEY was, I suppose, *cut short* by the reporter; for the Alderman can *talk*; aye, and he will talk, too, and as precious nonsense as ever came out of a pair of lips.

18. *Paragraph.*—The Reverend DREW had his *story*. I dare say, that this allegory was stolen from OLD JACK, who was a capital hand at this story-telling and allegory work. But OLD JACK had talent. He could pick the pockets of his audience without their perceiving it. I never saw JACK but once. I was quite a boy; but I have always remembered his familiar slang. He gave out a hymn, to be sung to the tune of NANCY DAWSON, observing, that he was resolved, that the Devil should not have *all the pretty tunes to himself* any longer, but that *God should have some of them too*. This was at WAPPING, in the year 1781.

19. *Paragraph.*—We now come to the Lord Mayor, and I beg you mark him. He returned thanks "*in a very few words*." It must be something rather *particular* that could induce the Lord Mayor to end "*at a few words*," if he had, as he had here, *full swing* for his

tongue. He did not *dare* abet the works of his audience. Every man, whose respect he must most wish to retain, would have *despised* and *abhorred* him if he had done this, knowing, as they do, his real sentiments on the subject. Yet, he was placed in a dilemma: he was *afraid* not to *take the chair*. The refusal would have been *inconvenient* to him, especially as he has views to get again into that House of all houses, where he made such a brilliant figure before. And now, mark, how the cunning Bible-fellows sought to *entrap* him! Mark how they all *praised* him for *placing himself at their head*. They vote him thanks in the 10th paragraph, and then *again*, in the 17th. They called him "*their President*." VAN BEXLEY (formerly a Commissioner of Scotch Herrings) praised him. They all laid it thick upon him. And, after all this, to return thanks "*in a very few words*!" The truth is, that he did not *dare* (and he was not *inclined* to it, I am sure) to declare himself a *friend* to this ridiculous, this disgraceful, this raging cant. But, then, he ought to have refused to take the chair, and also refused to suffer the meeting in his Mansion-house. He has steered a *middle* course, which, in such cases, is always the *worst*. He will not deceive the Bible-crew. They will remember his "*few words*," when they thought they had inveigled him into a hearty, or, at least, a seemingly *hearty co-operation*: and, as to that part of the public who have *sense* and *sincerity*, he will certainly *lose something* by having given his *countenance* to the crew.

I conclude, Sir, with wishing you health to bring to perfection that great work of justice, which you have so happily begun, and I remain, with great respect,

Your most humble and

Most obedient Servant,

WM. COBBETT.

P. S.—SIR, it is a shame to add a Postscript to so long a letter; but, a Bible-Meeting at SOUTHAMPTON, on the 3d instant, cries aloud for a word or two, especially as the Catholic Clergy of Ireland came in for a share of the abuse of the *orators*. If I were to notice *all* the impudence and all the nonsense of this meeting, I should more than fill a whole Register. I shall notice only a small part of what was said by two of the *orators*, "Sir GEORGE ROSE (son and heir of Old "*Blessed Comforts*") and Lord ASHTOWN, who was the *Chairman* of the meeting. GEORGE said, that "the Church of Rome, "from whose *dark despotism* we "emerged at the Reformation, " (what a lie!) should oppose the "circulation of the Bible without "note or comment was *natural*; "but, that *Protestants* should *aid* "it was truly *astonishing*, and "yet he was *concerned* to add, "that he had just seen a *public* "newspaper, in which it was asserted, that such circulation was "*dangerous*." Thus, you see, Sir, we are not *all* fools and knaves. On the contrary, I have the pleasure to tell you, that there are *many* newspapers in England, who openly and ably espouse your cause, and who despise the canting crew as much as you and I do. N. B. Young "*blessed comforts*"

did not refer to any part of the Bible, which justifies a man in pocketing a *sinecure* of 3,000*l.* a year, as "*blessed comforts*" does; and that, too, after old "*blessed comforts*" had pocketed the same for about *thirty years*! These are the "*blessed comforts*" of the Protestant religion in England; and, be you assured, that this impudent and vulgar assailant of your Church, thinks that the Bible-scheme is *one way* of *hushing* the people, and of preserving these "*comforts*."

Lord ASHTOWN, the Chairman (an *Irishman*), was still more abusive of the Catholic Church. He read an extract from the *Pope's bull* against Bible Societies; and, if there had been in the meeting one single man of sense and spirit, he would have called upon this abusive fellow to *answer* that bull, which says, and most justly, that the *translations* of the Bible that are now going on, may be, and naturally must be, full of errors and interpolations; and that, at last, "instead "of the Gospel of *Christ*, it will "become the Gospel of the *devil*." This ASHTOWN said to the Meeting, "expostulating lately "with a Catholic Priest, on MY "ESTATE in Ireland, he told "me that such were the *orders* "he received from his superiors, "and he *must obey them*." Now, I do not believe this "*Lord*." I am convinced, that the story was hatched, in order to make people believe, that the *Irish priests* are *for the bible crew*, and that they oppose them only because the *Pope compels them to do it*. But, if this Lord have so great a desire to save the souls of the *Irish Catholics*, why is he not amongst

them, where his "ESTATE" is? The man's real name is TRENCH, and, to my knowledge, he has been living about SOUTHAMPTON for about *ten* or *twelve* years; and there, of course, he *spends that income*, which, if spent on his estate, or in Ireland, would assist in preventing that misery which now prevails in that unhappy country. The people on, or about his estate, call to him for *bread*; and he lives at Southampton, where he cannot hear their curses, and sends them *bibles*! But, *who* is this TRENCH? *Where* is this "estate" of his? *How big* is it? *What* does it yield annually? For, observe, since he has, in public speech, talked about this "estate," we have a right to inquire all about it: and above all things, we have a right to inquire, **HOW HE CAME BY IT?** Whether he or his predecessors *bought* it of the right owner, or, whether they, or either of them, became possessed of it by some *other sort of means*. Now, Sir, this is the *tickler*. Nothing can be more fair than the inquiry; and, be you assured, that the taking of this family of TRENCH, and tracing it back to its original settlement on the "estate," which has been thus impudently thrust in our faces, would do the Catholics more good, in England, than all that has ever been *promised* to be done for them by all their "able friends" in parliament. It is by *facts*, and especially by facts of *this sort*, that the people of England are to be brought cordially to join you. Let some one, then, give us a detailed account of this "estate," and also give us the true *pedigree* of this TRENCH. Some will call this mode of proceeding with this

TRENCH, "*illiberal*." His mode of proceeding was "*liberal*," I suppose? Pouring out falsehoods on the Catholics; most foully misrepresenting them and their religion, in an assembly where he well knew that there was *no one to answer him*; loading them with all sorts of calumnies; and, then, stuffing all this into the *Country-newspapers*, which are, in some sort, the slaves of him and his crew; and thus, in Hampshire, at least, doing the just cause of the oppressed Catholics as much harm as in him lies, and that, too, under the guise of an ardent love for *Christianity*. How are you to deal with such a man? Why, find out his soft place, there hit him, and *hit him hard*.

"Tender-handed press a nettle,

"And it stings you for your pains:

"Squeeze it, like a man of mettle,

"And it soft as silk remains.

"'Tis the same with vulgar natures:

"Treat them kindly, they rebel;

"But, be rough as nutmeg-graters,

"And the rogues obey you well."

The truth of these lines, which I first read at about seventeen years of age, has been established in my mind by my experience from that day to this. I send you the *Hampshire paper*, that you may see what this crew deserve at your hands.

LONDON AUXILIARY BIBLE SOCIETY.

1. Yesterday the Twelfth Anniversary of this Auxiliary Association was held at the Mansion-House, in the Egyptian Hall, by permission of the *Lord Mayor*, who likewise *presided on the occasion*. The Meeting was most numerously and respectably attended.

2. At a few minutes after twelve the Lord Mayor entered the hall, and being called to the chair, shortly addressed the Meeting, bespeaking their *attention for every speaker* that should present himself to their notice.

3. The Secretary then read the Report of the Committee for the year: it began by *lamenting that the subscriptions of the present year had not equalled those of the preceding*, though the Committee still had to congratulate the subscribers on the continued protection and patronage of the *Magistracy*, and the *kindness of the present Lord Mayor*. It announced that Mr. Alderman Crowther had been elected a Vice-President, that the Rev. Charles Scholl, minister of the French Protestant Church in London, was elected a Secretary for the ensuing year; the meetings in future to take place in April instead of November. Bibles were still distributed by this Society throughout the prisons of the metropolis; and it was gratifying to learn that the prisoners were constant in their perusal of them. The total receipt of the year was 858*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.*, out of which 622*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* had been remitted to the Parent Society: the extent of the assistance derived from the Ladies' Association amounted to 350*l.*, which had been actually received by the Auxiliary Bible Society, and the greatest part of which, it was worthy of notice, was received in small, weekly contributions. Since the establishment of this Auxiliary, the Ladies' Association alone had distributed 2,776 Bibles, and the sum subscribed was 1,575*l.*; the whole sum raised by this Society amounted to nearly 17,000*l.*; and the number of Bibles distributed 33,360. The Committee were happy in stating that the wants of this country were now somewhat reduced, but there were still those of other nations to provide for; and for this purpose they solicited fresh subscriptions. The religious population of London was reckoned at 100,000, and if, out of these, only one in fif-

teen would subscribe their guinea per annum, *instead of raising 700*l.* in the course of the year*, the subscription would amount to 6,000*l.*

4. Lord Bexley, in moving the first resolution, adverted to the great satisfaction he felt in seeing the Lord Mayor in the chair, and he thought that his Lordship could not be placed in any situation more honourable to himself or his office. It was his own earnest desire to assist on such occasions; and as he considered the Lord Mayor as the representative of the magistracy of London, so he presented himself as the representative of His Majesty's Government. With respect to any declension in the funds of the Society, he trusted that there was no declension in the anxiety that everybody must feel towards so good a cause, and to promote so excellent an object. He trusted when an appeal was to be made to the liberality of the metropolis, it would not be made in vain. The effects produced by the exertions of the British and Foreign Bible Society were already very great; for, indeed, who, twenty years ago, would have believed that one society, in the course of ten years, would have been able to have expended a sum amounting to 900,000*l.*, and to have distributed more than five million copies of the Holy Scriptures? This was indeed doing a great deal, but a great deal still remained to be done; for if the population of the globe was taken at one thousand million, the number of bibles distributed only amounted to *five in one thousand*. But the great difficulty of translation was happily accomplished: the Bible now existed in the language of almost every nation and tribe in the world: this he granted was only a preparative; but he had no doubt that good fruits would speedily arise from it, although the seed might appear to be lost. An instance of this might be seen in the London Missionary Society—a Society established for the purpose of *converting the inhabitants of the islands of the South Seas*. This Society for many

years met with no success. Some of its Missionaries died in the prosecution of their labours—others returned, having relinquished their task as hopeless, conceiving that there was no hope, where nothing but brutality and sensuality were triumphant; but perseverance at length accomplished the mighty task. The savages *acknowledged the true God*, and now, almost for the first time since the days of the apostles, may be seen a whole nation removing their idols, and adopting the only faith that could lead them to salvation. [Applause.] The Noble Lord concluded by moving,—"That the Report, now read, be approved, and that it be printed under the direction of the Committee."

5. Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Brown observed, that it had been entrusted to him to second this resolution, and he entered upon the undertaking with much pleasure, for he was glad of an opportunity to express his hearty concurrence in all the good works with which this Association abounded, and likewise to *sympathize with its members in the falling off of their funds*. This, however, he thought, was not so much owing to the diminution of charitable feeling in this great metropolis, but rather to its inhabitants supposing that this Auxiliary met with adequate support, and the consequent appropriation of their donations to some other charity. It had frequently been asserted, that though the Bible really and truly contained the word of God, yet that it was dangerous to circulate this volume among many of the orders of the State: this statement had frequently given rise to bitter reflections in his mind; he did not intend to introduce any thing like controversy, but he could not help protesting against this assertion, and lamenting that men—vain men more especially, in a Protestant country like England—should *set themselves up against their Maker*. He was happy in bearing testimony to the manner in which the present Lord Mayor had passed

through his office [applause], and he could *congratulate him for nothing more sincerely than almost the last act of his Mayoralty*—the presiding at this Meeting, the efforts of which would, he hoped, in after ages reduce the office of the Magistracy of this City to a sinecure, by covering the whole world with its good works *as the waters cover the sea*.—The motion then was carried unanimously, as were all the others proposed to the meeting.

6. Mr. Favell, Common Councilman, quite entered into all that had been said by the Noble Lord and Worthy Alderman, who had preceded him, and had no doubt that the efforts of this Association would, *in time supersede much of the police duties of the Magistrates of London*; it was, indeed, to borrow a custom-house phrase, like the *preventive service*, and it was this that so firmly bound him to its interests, for, however good the reform of a criminal might be, he thought the prevention of crime still better; and, indeed, he had lately been told by a Secretary of the Bible Society of a *strong instance* of the efficacy of this Institution: an individual had entered a Bible Meeting in the church at Spitalfields, *for the express purpose of picking pockets*, but on hearing the many excellent things that were said there, and reading on the tablet over the altar "Thou shalt not steal;" his conscience had been arrested, and he went out with the resolution of being *an honest man*, to which resolution he had ever after adhered. It was a remarkable fact, that previous to the great fire of London, *there were one-third more churches in the metropolis than at present*; but the Bible was considered as a *sealed book*—a volume to be *unopened by vulgar hands*, and the natural consequence was, that the nation was overrun with *bigotry, superstition, and persecution*. He moved—"That this Meeting, desirous of feeling deeply sensible, that no good will ever be done by these institutions without the *blessing of Almighty God*, earnestly recommend to every

"member of the society the duty of
"special and *ceaseless prayer*, for the
"growing prosperity of this, and
"every other Auxiliary of the Bible
"Society."

7. Rev. G. Clayton took the liberty of arguing, *from the Lord Mayor's presence* on this occasion, that the present was a work of *indubitable necessity*, as well as one of the *most urgent dispatch*. When the quantum of ignorance throughout the world, and the *frightful amount of crime* were considered, did it not make every man desirous of banishing them by so *simple a remedy* as the distribution of the Bible? But it was said, that in spite of this distribution, *crime was on the increase*, and it was insinuated, that this increase was owing to this very distribution. It might as well be argued, that as crime had increased since the first formation of a magistracy in this country, it was owing to that magistracy that the crime had so increased: the argument would be absurd; and, besides, there were many other causes to which this increase might more fairly and reasonably be attributed: there was the increase in the population of the metropolis; that alone was sufficient to account for it. But it should likewise be remembered, that now for years this nation had enjoyed a *flourishing peace*: peace brought idleness—idleness brought profligacy; and though he was the last man in the world to seek to draw the sword of war from its scabbard, where he rather wished to see it rest for ever, yet it could not be denied that this idleness and profligacy, *caused by peace, were great incentives to crime*. That the Christian religion was in a *progressive state* was, he thought, clearly proved by the attendance at churches and chapels, of which *new ones were springing up every day*, and none of which were without a very full audience; the very seamen of the country were improving in this respect; and he might say of them with Mrs. Hannah More, that the harder the substance, the finer the

polish; nay, he would go further still, and in support of his argument, cite the condition of the jails of the metropolis: even the very prison-houses were in a state of progressive reform! and in speaking on this point, he could not pass over it without alluding in the warmest terms to a most strenuous labourer in that service—one of the softer sex, and one belonging to the mildest sect of religion in existence, who, with the firmness of a hero, and the perseverance of a saint, was acting the part of a second Daniel, smoothing the mane of the lion of despair, and taming the hitherto untameable hyena of crime. When he thought of this, and remembered that all this was chiefly done by means of that little instrument, the Bible, he felt pledged to redoubled activity, and more especially to impress on the minds of all then present, the transitory state of their lives, that they might make no delay in their exertions. What they do let them do quickly, for not only their lives were transitory, but likewise those of the unfortunates for whom they were bound to exert themselves. The grey-headed Indian was at that moment perishing in the waters of the Ganges, or his muscles were quivering under some monstrous torture. At that very moment the Iclander was standing on his glaciers, ready to plunge into an abyss of snow. The Reverend Gentleman concluded by cordially seconding the second Resolution.

8. Mr. Ald. Venables thought that it ought not perhaps to be expected that the circulation of the Bible should go on equally prosperously in all places at once; but should any failure occur in any one place, it would be their duty not to be in any way discouraged by it, but by making manifest the reasonableness on which all their principles were founded, to insure fresh disciples and fresh exertions. It was urged by some, that the subscriptions for this Association were already sufficiently large, and that therefore there was no necessity

for any extraordinary exertions. This was a very poor argument; for, could any one be satisfied with the *condition in which Ireland was placed at the present time*, when her population might be reckoned at seven millions, and not above one in fifty was provided with the Book of Life; or, could any one be satisfied with the state of the many thousand heathen, subjects of his Majesty, that were living and dying in ignorance throughout the Colonies. It was with much pleasure that he moved—

“That this Meeting views, with undiminished interest, the efforts of the Bible Associations in connexion with the City of London Auxiliary, and knowing that the success of all such Societies is effected by divine agency, through human instrumentality, it appeals to all the members of the Institution for additional attention, earnestness and zeal.”

9. Rev. William Orme, of Camberwell, observed, that nobody could look with indifference on the alterations that had taken place in the religious world in the course of the last twenty or thirty years, and if any one, observing this, *neglected to put forth his hand* to assist, he would be guilty of a negligence and disobedience towards the word of the great Ruler of Mankind. That there was any deficiency in this point in the City of London gave him inexpressible pain, for he looked upon the supporting this institution, *not as a matter of choice but as one of imperative duty*, imposed upon all Christians, who had received into their own minds the benefits and truths of the Holy Gospel. For as some have been taught that peace of God which passeth all understanding, it should to them be a feeling of infinite gladness to be permitted to join others in the same knowledge and the same feelings, and if they do not act in this manner they are not faithful stewards of the Lord, for it should be remembered that they are accountable to Him, that has given them the best

boon that could be given to mankind. The present appeal was addressed to all who claimed salvation through Jesus Christ, and he would say, in the words of the Poet—

“Think that what he'll be to you
That he'll be to others too.”

The Reverend Gentleman concluded by seconding the motion, which was carried unanimously.

10. Rev. Mr. *Evanson* observed, that there were two things performed by the British and Foreign Bible Society during the last year, which claimed particular attention. An excellent and Reverend man (Dr. Morrison) had been able to state, that he had accomplished the wonderful task of translating the Scriptures into the *Chinese language*, and had announced his intention of undertaking, in the same language, the Liturgy of the Church of England. The other circumstance to which he would call the attention of the meeting, was the exertions *making for the relief of Ireland*: a conspiracy was carrying on here *against the enemy in that country*—against the *Prince of Darkness*. From the funds of the British and Foreign Bible Society, an immense number of Bibles and Testaments had been sent into that country, and not only in the English language, but, by a gift of 1200*l.*, a pocket edition of the Bible had been published in the Irish language. From this he thought he was warranted to say, that there was much practical good already done, and much more might be expected. The Reverend Gentleman moved—“That this Meeting, sensible of the advantages which, under the Almighty blessing, have been derived from the patronage always conferred on the Society, tenders an expression of gratitude to the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, the President; to the Right Honourable and others the Vice-Presidents; to the Treasurer; to the Secretaries; and to the Committee, for their countenance, support, and exertions, during the past year.”

11. The Rev. Mr. Townley, Missionary from Calcutta, said, that he had witnessed most of the heathen superstitions in the East Indies: he saw one inhabitant who had *made a vow never to speak again*, and made known this resolution to a Missionary by writing it on a plantain leaf; the Missionary gave him the Gospel, and after one or two visits, the man opened his mouth and said, "*I will be dumb no longer.*" This was his present feeling in this assembly, where he thought words, however weak, if good of purpose, would be of benefit. There had been a young man in this city, who, at the time he alluded to, was about 25 years of age, in prosperous circumstances, when he was threatened with the visit of death, which occasioned him to look and see if he were prepared for such a visit; that person now stood before them, and felt sensible of the faults of the career he had formerly run. He had subsequently met an individual, whose case interested him much, as it in some respects resembled his own; that person had *knelt at the feet of Tom Paine*, as his disciple, as Mary had knelt at the feet of Jesus; at a meeting a Bible was put into his hands, by a clergyman, and out of respect to the donor, he had studied the book; he became convinced of its truth, and of *the falsehood of Tom Paine*; he went home to his library, and said, "Tom, come here," and took the Age of Reason from his shelves; he then said, "*Tom, you and I must part;*" and he tore the Age of Reason in twain, and stirring up the fire, threw the two moieties into the flames. He heartily seconded his motion.

12. The Secretaries and the Rev. C. Scholl returned thanks. The latter gentleman, in alluding to the utility of the British and Foreign Bible Society, supported his observations by two illustrations of the ignorance of the inhabitants on the Continent, which had lately come to his knowledge. A person who was in the habit of distributing the

Holy Scripture in France, on inquiring of one person if he had a Bible, received for answer, that *he had never even heard of such a book*; the other instance was of a very eminent Professor in the University of Göttingen, who had confessed that, previous to the establishment of the Bible Society there, he had never turned his attention to that holy volume. These instances of neglect would now, he hoped, become scarcer, for in most parts of the Continent the question had been earnestly taken up. He was happy to state that *the Duke of Angoulême had ordered 200 copies of the Scriptures for his own household.*

13. Rev. Dr. Styles, of Holland Chapel, Kennington, observed, that the principles of the Bible Society inculcated universal charity, by which it recommended itself so strongly to our better sentiments, that all must rejoice at its success. Such was the Bible Society, and whatever might be the opinions of any man, it claimed his assistance on its own merits. Whether he be a neighbour, a patriot, or an universal philanthropist, if he sought immortality, the Bible Society opened its doors to receive him, and to raise him to the highest pinnacle of Christianity. It was the fashion to inveigh against fanaticism and enthusiasm, and doubtless they were evils, but even in Christianity there was much worse evils, and it often happened that these words were misused, translating perseverance into enthusiasm. If that was what was meant by enthusiasm, he gloried in it, and hoped that he ever should. The Reverend Gentleman concluded by moving—"That this Meeting, convinced of the necessity that still exists for perseverance in distributing the sacred volume, requests the Gentlemen, whose names the Secretary will read, to undertake the various offices of the Society for the ensuing year."

14. Rev. Mr. Mortimer said, that, doubtless, many would remember

that this was the very day in 1688, *that William III. had landed in this country.* He did not allude to this politically, but it was an incontrovertible fact that great injustice about that time was *inflicted on the Protestant Religion.* He only adverted to this to express his public opinion, that so far from going along with these violences on either side, he should not think the Government safe if toleration was not extended to *the Catholics residing in this country.* Before sitting down, he would not give, whatever he might do in another place, the immortal memory of King William, but the immortal memory of one greater than any William—the *memory of Him who came into the world to save it,* and who, by his example, had taught universal love and sufferance. He seconded the fifth Resolution.

15. Sir C. S. Hunter remarked, that he had much pleasure in announcing *that it was in his Mayoralty* that this Association had first been established, and he had had the honour of first presiding at it. He was happy to confess that it was owing to the *many good and excellent things that he had heard that day, that he owed his subsequent attention to the subject,* and which, he trusted, would never again be broken. The Honourable Baronet concluded by moving,—“That this Meeting records its gratitude to the Ladies who have exerted themselves with so much quiet and unostentatious zeal in the Society’s behalf, and approves of the appointments which have been arranged by the Committee of the Ladies’ Branch.”

16. Rev. John Hatchard, Vicar of St. Andrew’s, Plymouth, seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

17. Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Key wished to impress on the minds of all present the importance of practising the many things that had been that day inculcated by precept. It was with much pleasure he moved—“That the thanks of this Meeting be given to the Right Honourable the

Lord Mayor, for his Lordship’s kindness in granting to the Society the use of the Egyptian Hall, and in presiding on this occasion, and that the Meeting do now adjourn to April next.” This motion was seconded, and carried unanimously.

Previous to his Lordship’s returning thanks,

18. The Reverend Mr. Drew addressed a few words to the meeting, on the importance of the circulation of the Bible throughout the world. At a late meeting for that purpose, which had been held in the north of England, it had been observed that every body present wore a smiling and cheerful countenance, with the exception of one person, who attracted from his demeanour very general notice: his countenance was deadly pale, and, from all appearances, he seemed at the point of death; every speech that was made he grew worse and worse, and at last actually sunk to the ground and expired. Who is he? What did he want? Where did he come from? What was his purpose? He lay on the ground, but nobody put out his hand to assist him: the Chairman said, at all events he must not lie there, and asked if any body knew who he was. A person present immediately whispered that his name was *Bigotry* [a laugh]. As soon as this point was settled, the only question was, how to get rid of him? All seemed to yield the preference to the Chairman, but he declined the business altogether [a laugh]. Would the clergymen like to remove him? Oh no, they would have nothing to say to him: he had once been known at the Universities, but had long since quitted those sacred haunts: he (Mr. Drew) was asked, as a Wesleyan minister, if he could manage the affair; but he pleaded that the man had never been seen at Conference, and that he therefore could not meddle in it. At length, after a long consultation, it was resolved that he should be buried in the Quaker’s burial-ground, not that he was at all attached to that

sect, but because, as there were no head-stones allowed there, no one, however eager to do so, would be able to find him [*a laugh*]; and if any person inquired of one of the Friends to point out the spot where he was interred, he would only get for answer,—“Dost thou want to know, friend, that thou may'st keep him company.” [*Laughter and applause.*]

The Lord Mayor then returned thanks in a *very few words*, and the Meeting immediately separated.

BRITISH CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION.

IN the “SUNDAY GLOBE,” there is a letter, signed “ONE of the Committee,” remarking on my Letter to this Association. I have no fault to find with it on my own account, and no remark to make on any part of it, except the following:—“Yes! the Catholic Duke of Norfolk did *lay the foundation* of a Protestant church; and this act of liberal feeling on his part cannot be too widely known, forming, as it does, so striking a contrast with the conduct of those who accuse Catholics of *illiberality*. Not that the circumstance would be thought much of in Catholic France, which not only builds Protestant churches, but pays liberal stipends to Protestant ministers: nor in Switzerland and other parts of the Continent, where the religious worship of Catholic and Protestant is performed in the same church; and where the pastors and flocks of both communions live in perfect harmony together—no exclusive privileges are granted to either, and no

“grounds of hatred exist between them.”

The thing is a great deal worse, then, than I thought it was! What! the man who will not take the *oath of supremacy*, lay the FOUNDATION STONE of a Protestant Church? Is it possible that this writer can discover any similarity between this case, and those that he mentions? The Protestant places of worship, or some at least, are built in France at the *public charge*; but, does the Catholics, and especially Catholic Nobles, in France, assist at the ceremony of their foundation? And, as to the other countries, where Catholics and Protestants alternately make use of the *same building*, the Catholics there do not *lay the foundation* for their opponents. And, mind, in neither case have the Protestants *crushed* the Catholic Church, despoiled her of her endowments, persecuted her to the utmost bounds of persecution, and still withhold from her a part of her civil rights, solely on the ground that she is Catholic! The Duke did this deed, it seems, to give a proof of “Catholic *liberality*.” The Duke might, one would think, have reflected on Christ's words: “On this *rock* will I *build my church*,” and that this was an act of a very *decided* character. It was this: he goes and gives all the countenance that he can give to a Church, or, rather, *Sect*, that holds the worship of the Catholics to be “*idolatrous*,” and their doctrines “*damnable*!” The Duke is so *firm* in the religion of his fathers, that he will not take an oath which abjures the *Pope's supremacy*; but his “*liberality*” induces him to lay the corner-stone of a building, in which

he *knows* that that same Pope will be stigmatized as the "*beast*, the "*man of sin, anti-Christ*, and the "*scarlet whore of Babylon!*"—If this be worthy of being honoured with the name of "*liberality*," pray let us cease to reproach the Dutch for annually performing the ceremony of TRAMPLING UPON THE CROSS, in Japan.—N. B. I request the "*SUNDAY GLOBE*" to have the goodness to insert this article.—But, stay a bit: I see, upon looking again at this letter, that the dull man who wrote it, thought to leave a sting in the tail of it, where, after quoting my advice to the Catholics, "not to be, for about the hundredth time, duped by *pretended friends*," he says, that he most "*heartily joins in the pious admonition*." Now, the word "*pious*" had no business there, and the *irony*, poor and pitiful as it is, shows, that he looks upon me as a "*pretended friend*" of the Catholics. Candid "*Committee-man*" of the British Catholic Association! People *pretend* friendship when they are likely to *gain* by it. They pretend it, when they attempt to defend big Catholic Dukes, who have *endless estates, advowsons in great number*, and of other *pretty saleable things* not a few. People do not *pretend* friendship when they step forward to assist the *oppressed poor* to obtain their rights; and I must be a strange man indeed to labour for the half-naked and half-starved people of Ireland from *pretended* friendship. Poor creatures! Can they do any thing for me? They cannot even buy a single copy of the cheapest of all my works. It would take the amount of *three days' board* (according to the parliamentary reports) of one of the

poor souls to purchase one *Number* of my History of the Protestant "*Reformation*," though the sum will be only 3d. What does this fool of a *Committee-man* mean then? Why, he means, like the *est* that bites our shoes in the cop-pices, to be *spiteful*; but his teeth are too weak. He *dares* not put his *name*, mind. But I shall, in future, lay on upon the *whole* of the *Committee*, unless they *publicly disclaim* publications of this sort. Let them leave me to *myself*. I want nothing *from any Association*, though I am very proud of the applause of any of its members whom I believe to be sincere. I do not want them even to buy my writings; or, at least, I do not want them to take any *measure* for so doing. Free as air have I always been, and free as air will I always be. The Duke of Norfolk has *endless estates, advowsons*, and other nice *saleable things*; and I have a PEN. Let each enjoy his own.

" REFORMATION."

As I have before announced, the first *NUMBER* of this little work will be published on the 29th of this month. I have set my heart upon doing this job *effectually*. There are many *foreigners* in England, who do not well understand our language. That they may read my work, and, for another purpose to be mentioned directly, I shall, when the *second* *Number* comes out, publish the first *Number* in *FRENCH*, when the third comes out in English, the second will come out in *French*, and so on. In order

to kill two birds with one stone, I shall make the translation so nearly *literal* as for the two books to serve as *Exercise-Books* in the learning of French by English people, and in the learning of English by French people. The *paragraphs* will be *numbered*, and, of course, the numbers in one language will correspond with those in the other language. The matter will be, I hope, interesting and instructive; and, as to the *style*, the public know well what that will be.—I shall, besides this, send a copy of each Number, in French, to some bookseller at *Paris*; and, if I find no one to republish the work there on his account, I will have it published there on my own account. I have the *power* (more than Dukey Norfolk has) to make the case of the plundered and half-murdered Irish Catholics known to all the nations of Europe; and I will exercise that power.

USURY.

A WEEK or two ago, a gentleman called at my shop in Fleet-street, and left, as a present to me, a little book, entitled, "*Usury proved to be repugnant to the Divine and Ecclesiastical laws, and destructive to Civil Society. By the Reverend J. O'CALLAGHAN, Catholic Priest.*" This gentleman was, it appears, the *author* of the book, which he himself had had published at *New York*, that nest of the basest usurers in the whole world; but, he did not leave his address, and, therefore, I have no means of

communicating with him.—Now, I have read this book, and from no one book that I ever did read, did I ever receive so much *useful instruction*. I have read it with admiration of its principles, and with not less admiration of the extensive and most useful knowledge of the author. It contains some most valuable matter, relating to one part of my "*REFORMATION*" subject; but, shame on me, if I were to rob the author. Every man, and especially every young man in England, ought to read this book. The author has not, I dare say, much to risk on printing books. This, therefore, is what I shall do. I will, in the course of twenty days, *publish an edition of it*, price 2s. 6d., it being about the bulk of *Cottage-Economy*; and I will pay all the *profits* to the *AUTHOR*. The *risk* shall be mine, and the *profits* shall be his. He shall have an account of the expense of paper and print and binding, and (deducting of course my allowance to booksellers), he shall receive the whole of the proceeds. Mr. CHARLES CLEMENT (at the shop), will keep the account, and will, at all times, be ready to show Mr. O'CALLAGHAN the state of it. As soon as the paper, print, and binding are paid for, he may begin to receive money, if the nature of his affairs should require it; and, when the edition is sold out, he shall receive the balance.

COBBETT - FARMING.

THE following Letter was received on Tuesday, in answer to my request to have two of the

famous Scotch Swedish turnips sent.

*Cartside, near Glasgow,
Nov. 6, 1824.*

SIR,—I have sent you by this day's coach, a box containing two Swedish turnips. No. 1 and 2. No. 1 weighed, with the top, *sixteen pounds*; as it is now sent, *twelve pounds three quarters*. No. 2, as it is sent, *ten pounds and a half*. These turnips were taken from the field noticed in the Glasgow Chronicle of the 23d Oct. past, and are **FROM SEED PURCHASED AT YOUR OFFICE IN FLEET STREET**. I may also mention, that in searching for these turnips, I discovered hundreds upon hundreds that would weigh upwards of *nine pounds* without tops.

I am, with great respect,
Your obedient Servant,

ALEX. DENNISTOUN.

The Turnips *are come*, and they may be seen at the shop, where the seed, from which they grew, *was sold*. Will that calumniator, the "*Farmers' Journal*" Proprietor, mention these facts, so interesting to all farmers: no, the vagabond; but, if he states the weight of crop, he will, like a vagabond newspaper fellow at Gloucester in publishing an account of Mr. PALMER'S crops, take care to omit all mention of me, and my work, which caused the crop.

Mr. DENNISTOUN has my best thanks for his attention, and I will (if he will tell me *how* to do it) send two hundred American trees, including ten apple trees, in return for his two Turnips.

AMERICAN TREES.

I COULD not leave out the foregoing matter for *my own sake*; but, next week I will give a list of these trees, and some interesting matter relating to them.

NOTICE TO PIRATES.

THE copyright of the Register has now been regularly secured; and it is my determination to prosecute every one who shall, hereafter, be so unprincipled as to attempt to plunder me.

My FRIENDS will hear with great pleasure, that my health is pretty nearly completely restored, though I shall think it prudent to use a good deal of caution for some time. W. C.

This day is published,

THE LAW OF TURNPIKES;

or, an Analytical Arrangement of, and Illustrative Commentaries on, all the General Acts, relative to Turnpike Roads.—By WILLIAM COBBETT, Jun. Student of Lincoln's Inn. — Price 3s. 6d. in boards.

This work, which has been brought to a price calculated to place it within the reach of numerous persons, contains *every particle of the General Turnpike Laws now in force*. There are, altogether, *five Acts* passed since 1822, inclusive. Two of these Acts are of great length, and the last of them *repeals* nearly one half of the clauses in the first. So that to take them as they are, they are calculated to do, for the common reader, nothing but *bewilder* him, and lead

him into *error*. In this work, the *repealed clauses* in the first Act, and the *repealing clauses* in the second Act, are left out; and nothing but is *now law* is retained; but the whole of what is *now law* is retained, and in the very words of the Acts.—Then, in order to make the divers matters as clear as possible, all the clauses of the Acts, which relate to one matter, are *brought together under one head*. So that the reader, by looking at any particular head, finds there all the Acts say relating to one matter, or branch of the subject; and, for the purpose of aiding the reader, and saving his time, there is, prefixed to each head, or branch, a *short commentary*, showing the true intent and meaning of the several clauses which follow under that same head, or branch of the subject.

COBBETT'S FRENCH GRAMMAR.

A FRENCH GRAMMAR; OR, *Plain Instructions for the Learning of French*. Price Five Shillings.

All that I shall ask of the Public is, that those who are expending, or have been expending, money, for the purpose of obtaining a knowledge of the French Language, for themselves, or for their children: all I ask is, that these persons will first *read steadily through* all that they find in the first fifty pages of *any other French Grammar*; and that they will then *read steadily through* the first fifty pages of my Grammar. If this were done by *all* such persons, there would, I am con-

vinced, be but *ONE French Grammar* in use, in a very short time.—Any person, who has never studied French at all, will be able, by such reading, to form a competent judgment. He will find, that, from other Grammars, he can, by such reading, get *no knowledge at all* of the matter; while, from mine, he will get at *some knowledge* of it. Those, who understand the subject, I request to compare what they find in my Grammar on those difficult parts, the IMPERSONALS, the TWO PAST TIMES OF THE VERBS, and the PARTICIPLES: I request them to compare these parts of my Grammar with what they find, as to the same matters, in *any other Grammar*.

COBBETT'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

THE Sixth Edition of this Grammar is just published.—*Price 3s. boards.*

COTTAGE ECONOMY.

THE Sixth Edition of this Work is just published, price 2s. 6d.—It contains several additions, and particularly full instructions relative to the *preparation of straw for plat*.

BYRNE'S SUBSCRIPTION.

Amount already Advertised	£	7	7	6
Wm. Harvey	1	0	0	
James Accleston	0	10	0	
H. C.	1	0	0	
S. Clarke, Esq. Havant, Hants	1	0	0	
Mr. Chas. Clarke, Warblington, Hants	1	0	0	

ARKETS.

Average Prices of CORN throughout ENGLAND, for the week ending 30th October.

Per Quarter.	s.	d.
Wheat	61	8
Rye	35	4
Barley	39	9
Oats	21	3
Beans	43	3
Peas	43	5

Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.

Quantities and Prices of British Corn, &c. sold and delivered in this Market, during the week ended Saturday, 30th October.

Qrs.	£.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat .. 9,164 for 30,520	18	11	Average, 65	7	
Barley .. 8,449 19,572	2	8 46	3	
Oats 1,591 1,921	17	11 24	1	
Rye 56 95	1	0 33	11	
Beans .. 1,527 3,345	17	7 43	9	
Peas 632 1,483	18	6 46	11	

Friday, Nov. 5.—There has been a large arrival of Wheat and Flour this week, but as nearly the whole has met a brisk sale, the prices of Monday are fully supported. Barley is plentiful, and hardly maintains the terms last quoted. Beans are unaltered. Peas are rather dearer. Oats find sale with tolerable freedom at Monday's prices.

Monday, Nov. 8.—The arrivals of Wheat, Barley, and Flour, last week were very considerable, but the sup-

ply of other articles was moderate. This morning the quantities of Wheat, Barley, and Beans, fresh up are again good, but there are not many Oats or Peas. Our Millers purchased Wheat very reluctantly, and the prices of this article are 2s. to 3s. per quarter lower than this day se'nnight.

Barley has sold heavily, the best qualities are 1s. to 2s. lower, and other sorts are 2s. to 3s. per quarter cheaper, with much left on hand unsold. Old Beans fully maintain last quotations, but New are 1s. per qr. cheaper. Boiling Peas are unaltered. Grey Peas are rather dearer. Good Oats are dearer, and having a free trade for this article, it has obtained 1s. per quarter more than this day se'nnight. Flour is declined 5s. per sack.

Price on board Ship as under.

Flour, per sack	60s. — 65s.
— Seconds	55s. — 60s.
— North Country ..	50s. — 54s.
Foreign Oats	17s. — 21s.

Account of Wheat, &c. arrived in the Port of London, from Nov. 1 to Nov. 6, both inclusive.

Qrs.	Qrs.
Wheat...15,116	Tares.....138
Barley .. 9,432	Linseed .. 1,120
Malt 5,457	Rapeseed.. 620
Oats 6,610	Brank 86
Beans ... 2,905	Mustard .. 58
Flour .. 15,347	Flax..... —
Rye..... —	Hemp 30
Peas 1,423	Seeds 295
Foreign.—Oats,	3,935 quarters.

Total Quantity of Corn returned as
Sold in the Maritime Districts, for
the Week ended Oct. 30.

	Qrs.		Qrs.
Wheat ..	53,354	Oats	17,153
Rye	221	Beans.....	5,252
Barley ..	37,420	Peas	2,639

Price of HOPS per Cwt. in the
Borough.

Monday, Nov. 8.—The Hop market has been very brisk during the last week, and the advance may be stated at full 20s. The Duty is not officially announced, but it is thought will not exceed 135,000*l*. Currency: — Sussex pockets, 120s. to 140s.; Kent, 128s. to 160s., and firm at these prices.

Maidstone, Nov. 4.—There has been a great trade for Hops of all descriptions this last week, and several sales have been made at a considerable advance in price; in fact, the Hops now appear to be getting entirely out of the planters' hands. The price of bags has been from 5*l*. to 6*l*. per cwt.; and pockets to 6*l*. 10s. Duty called 145,000*l*.

Monday, Nov. 8.—The arrivals from Ireland last week were 6,599 firkins of Butter, and 831 bales of Bacon; and from Foreign Ports 921 casks of Butter.

Price of Bread.—The price of the 4*lb*. Loaf is stated at 11½*d*. by the full-priced Bakers.

City, 10th November, 1824

BACON.

On Board, 56s. to 58s. Landed: 63s. to 64s.

BUTTER.

This article continues to advance, and unless the quantity increase very considerably, there is every reason to believe that it will go much higher. The quantity of Irish Butter now required for markets other than that of London, renders the Irish merchants in some measure independent of this port; and they are able to keep back their stocks until they have brought the London traders to *their prices*. On Board: Carlow, 93s.; Waterford, Dublin, and Limerick, 93s. to 94s.—Landed: Carlow, 100s. to 102s.; Waterford, Dublin, Limerick, or Cork, 96s. to 98s.; Dutch, 106s. to 108s.

CHEESE.

Old Cheshire, 80s. to 94s.; New, 64s. to 74s.; Double Gloucester, 63s. to 70s.; Single, 54s. to 62s.

SMITHFIELD, Monday, Nov. 8.

Per Stone of 8 pounds (alive).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef	3	2	to 4	2
Mutton.....	4	0	— 4	6
Veal	4	6	— 5	6
Pork	4	6	— 5	6
Beasts	3,607		Sheep ...	18,190
Calves....	200		Pigs.....	240

NEWGATE, (same day.)

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef	2	8	to 3	4
Mutton....	3	0	— 4	0
Veal	3	4	— 5	4
Pork.....	4	0	— 6	0

LEADENHALL, NOV. 8,

Per Stone of 8 pounds (dead).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Beef	2	4	to	3 6
Mutton	3	4	—	4 0
Veal	3	8	—	5 4
Pork	4	0	—	6 0

HAY and STRAW, per Load.

Smithfield.—Hay....	70s.	to	110s.
Straw ..	40s.	to	48s.
Clover ..	80s.	to	130s.
St. James's.—Hay....	65s.	to	110s.
Straw ..	42s.	to	51s.
Clover ..	84s.	to	112s.
Whitechapel.—Hay....	80s.	to	110s.
Straw ..	40s.	to	48s.
Clover ..	90s.	to	130s.

COUNTRY CORN MARKETS.

By the QUARTER, excepting where otherwise named; from Wednesday to Saturday last, inclusive.

The Scotch Markets are the Returns of the Week before.

	Wheat.			Barley.			Oats.			Beans.			Pease.		
	s.	to	s. d.	s.	to	s. d.	s.	to	s. d.	s.	to	s. d.	s.	to	s. d.
Aylesbury	64	80	0	40	42	0	28	30	0	30	48	0	42	45	0
Banbury	56	69	8	37	44	0	25	30	0	46	54	0	0	0	0
Basingstoke	64	76	0	32	46	0	22	26	0	38	50	0	0	0	0
Bridport	60	68	0	34	36	0	18	20	0	44	0	0	0	0	0
Chelmsford	60	80	0	35	45	0	24	28	0	0	0	0	40	50	0
Derby	64	70	0	40	49	0	24	32	0	46	52	0	0	0	0
Devizes	54	76	0	35	46	0	23	30	0	46	54	0	0	0	0
Dorchester	52	70	0	28	40	0	22	29	0	46	52	0	0	0	0
Exeter	60	76	0	32	44	0	17	21	0	40	0	0	0	0	0
Guildford	56	84	0	38	48	0	23	30	0	40	50	0	40	44	0
Henley	58	82	0	36	50	0	22	30	0	42	60	0	38	46	0
Horncastle	50	65	0	30	43	0	17	24	0	46	50	0	0	0	0
Hungerford	58	80	0	36	44	0	22	30	0	45	54	0	0	0	0
Lewes	60	72	0	35	42	0	22	26	0	38	42	0	40	42	0
Lynn	54	68	0	30	43	0	20	24	0	44	46	0	38	40	0
Newbury	54	85	0	30	49	0	20	32	0	40	56	0	44	50	0
Newcastle	46	64	0	32	46	0	21	30	0	36	42	0	38	48	0
Northampton	60	68	0	40	44	0	22	38	0	42	50	0	0	0	0
Nottingham	64	0	0	45	0	0	28	0	0	48	0	0	0	0	0
Reading	58	86	0	32	52	0	18	28	0	43	46	0	42	46	0
Stamford	47	70	0	31	44	6	23	32	0	48	50	0	0	0	0
Swansea	60	0	0	32	0	0	17	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Truro	65	0	0	37	0	0	26	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Uxbridge	70	88	0	34	49	0	23	29	0	34	53	0	46	48	0
Warminster	50	72	0	32	48	0	26	29	0	54	60	0	0	0	0
Winchester	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Yarmouth	60	67	0	28	45	0	24	28	0	40	46	0	34	42	0
Dalkeith*	27	34	0	22	28	6	14	19	0	15	21	0	15	21	0
Haddington*	22	34	0	25	31	0	16	21	0	16	22	0	16	22	0

* Dalkeith and Haddington are given by the *boll*.—The Scotch *boll* for Wheat, Rye, Pease, and Beans, is three per cent. more than 4 bushels. The *boll* of Barley and Oats, is about 6 bushels Winchester, or as 6 to 8 compared with the English *quarter*.

Liverpool, Nov. 2.—The demand for Wheat and Oats throughout the past week was extremely limited, and although these articles were offered at a reduction in value, very little business was done in either. At the market of this day, which presented but few samples of fine Wheats and Oats, the confidence in buyers being somewhat more restored, the decline during the week past was recovered, and prices of this day se'nnight were in several instances obtained, although not to a considerable extent. Fine malting Barley, being scarce, advanced 3*d.* per bushel, whilst Malt declined in similar proportion; and Beans were at a reduction of 2*s.* per quarter.

Imported into Liverpool, from the 26th October to the 1st of November, 1824, inclusive:—Wheat, 6,435; Barley, 387; Oats, 13,038; Malt, 48; and Peas, 2 quarters. Flour, 2,648 sacks, of 280 lbs. Oatmeal, 2,361 packs, per 240 lbs.

Norwich, Nov. 6.—The show of samples of fine Wheat and prime malting Barley were by no means abundant; a great deal of stained Barley was at market, but was sold at depressed prices; Oats were not plentiful, and this Grain fully supports its value; in Beans and Peas there appears but little alteration; Wheat, 60*s.* to 70*s.*; Barley, 30*s.* to 43*s.* per quarter.

Bristol, Nov. 6.—There still continues good sales for all kinds of Grain, &c. at this place, at about the prices below quoted:—Best Wheat, from 8*s.* 6*d.* to 8*s.* 9*d.*; new ditto, 6*s.* to 7*s.* 9*d.*; inferior ditto, 5*s.* to 6*s.*; Barley, 3*s.* to 5*s.* 6*d.*; Beans, 3*s.* 6*d.* to 6*s.* 3*d.*; Oats, 2*s.* 3*d.* to 3*s.* 2*d.*; and Malt, 5*s.* 9*d.* to 7*s.* 9*d.* per bushel. Flour, Seconds, 30*s.* to 55*s.* per bag.

Birmingham, Nov. 4.—Wheat may be considered 2*d.* to 3*d.* per 60 lbs. dearer, but not brisk at the advance. The Maltsters buy cautiously, in consequence of the expectation of the admission of foreign Barley from the 15th instant, there is a dull sale therefore for this article, at about the last quotations. Oats and Beans, Peas of both kinds, and grinding Barley, maintain last week's prices, and sell freely. Flour and Malt are steady. The supplies of the trade continue to be only moderate.—Wheat, 8*s.* to 8*s.* 8*d.* per 60 lbs.; Barley, 46*s.* to 43*s.* per qr.; Grinding ditto, 5*s.* per 49 lbs.; Malt, 64*s.* to 70*s.*; and Oats, 26*s.* to 30*s.* per qr.; Beans, 18*s.* to 22*s.* per ten score; Peas, 48*s.* to 50*s.*; Boiling ditto, 60*s.* to 64*s.* per qr. Fine Flour, 55*s.* to 57*s.*; Second ditto, 50*s.* to 52*s.* per sack.

Ipswich, Nov. 6.—We had to-day a large supply of all Grain. Wheat was rather dearer, but Barley, 1*s.* to 2*s.* per qr. lower. Prices as follow:—Wheat, 60*s.* to 74*s.*; Barley, 30*s.* to 43*s.*; Beans, 34*s.* to 38*s.*; Peas, 36*s.* to 38*s.*; and Oats, 18*s.* to 27*s.* per qr.

Wisbech, Nov. 6.—We had rather a small market for the sale of Corn. Best Wheats fetched 65*s.* to 68*s.*; Seconds and inferior samples, 58*s.* to 60*s.* per qr. Oats and Beans dull in sale, and a trifle lower, as was Mustard-seed.

Wakefield, Nov. 5.—The arrivals of Grain continue only moderate. An advance of 5*s.* per quarter upon Wheat was generally demanded at the early part of the market, which the Millers resisted, and what sales were made cannot be noted more than 3*s.* per quarter higher than last week. The sales for Barley remain dull at the prices of this day se'nnight.

Malton, Nov. 6.—Very slight alteration took place in the prices of Grain this week. Wheat a trifle better than last. Barley and Oats rather lower. Prices as follow:—Wheat, 64*s.* to 70*s.* per quarter, five stone per bushel. Barley, 36*s.* to 39*s.* per qr. Oats, 10½*d.* to 11½*d.* per stone.

COUNTRY CATTLE AND MEAT MARKETS, &c.

Norwich Castle Meadow, Nov. 6.—The show of Stock was considerable at Market to-day, and a great deal of business was transacted; good Scots were plentiful, and there were many droves of Lincolnshire Beasts.—Prime Fat Beef, 7s. 6d.; Mutton, 6s. 9d. to 7s. 3d.; Pork, 6s. 6d. to 7s. 3d. per stone of 14 lbs.

Horncastle, Nov. 6.—Beef, 6s. 6d. to 7s. per stone of 14 lbs.; Mutton, 5d. to 6d.; Veal, 6d. to 8d. and Pork, 6d. to 7d. per lb.

Bristol, Nov. 4.—Beef, 5d. to 5½d.; Mutton, 5d. to 5½d.; and Pork, 5½d. 6d. per lb. sinking offal.

Malton, Nov. 6.—Meat in the shambles: Beef, 5d. to 7d.; Mutton, 5½d. to 6½d.; Pork, 5½d. to 6½d.; and Veal, 7d. to 9d. per lb. Fresh Butter, 14d. to 15d. per lb.; Salt ditto, 48s. to 50s. per firkin. Bacon Sides, nominal; Hams, 9s. to 10s. 6d.; and fat Pigs, with head and feet on, 6s. to 6s. 3d. per stone.

At *Morpeth* market, on Wednesday, there was rather a short supply of Cattle and Sheep: but there being few buyers, prices were much the same as the preceding week.—Beef, from 5s. 3d. to 5s. 9d.; Mutton, 5s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. per stone, sinking offal.

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN, sold in the Maritime Counties of England and Wales, for the Week ended Oct. 30, 1824.

	Wheat.		Barley.		Oats.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London*	65	5	44	11	23	1
Essex	66	6	44	7	23	0
Kent	69	0	44	6	23	2
Sussex	64	1	37	1	23	4
Suffolk	61	9	39	4	24	9
Cambridgeshire	61	4	35	5	19	4
Norfolk	60	0	37	6	23	8
Lincolnshire	61	5	41	6	21	3
Yorkshire	56	7	39	10	19	5
Durham	56	11	34	8	26	0
Northumberland	52	4	36	10	21	1
Cumberland	57	0	34	6	21	3
Westmoreland	58	11	33	9	21	11
Lancashire	57	7	0	0	22	9
Cheshire	61	6	0	0	24	1
Gloucestershire	64	5	44	3	25	1
Somersetshire	63	11	41	6	20	11
Monmouthshire	63	3	43	0	0	0
Devonshire	61	3	35	0	21	2
Cornwall	61	0	35	1	22	2
Dorsetshire	59	4	37	3	24	7
Hampshire	61	11	36	8	23	0
North Wales	59	3	40	3	20	5
South Wales	56	8	31	10	15	8

* The London Average is always that of the Week preceding.